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To Edward Dalton, Esq.
with the Author's
best respects.

SACRED ALLEGORIES, &c.

R. Edwards, Printer,
Crane-Court, Fleet-Street.

SACRED ALLEGORIES ;

OR

ALLEGORICAL POEMS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF SUBJECTS MORAL AND DIVINE ;

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN

ANACREONTIC,

ON THE

DISCOVERY OF VACCINATION ;

WITH AN EPILOGUE TO THE SAME ;

BY THE

REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, M. A.

Curate of Stroud, Gloucestershire.

De la foy d'un chrétien les mystères terribles,
D'ornemens egayez ne sont point susceptibles ?

Boileau.

London :

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1810.

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WITH AN EPILOGUE TO THE BARN;

BY THE

REV. JOHN WILLIAMS, M.A.

(LONDON: BENTLEY & SON, 1801.)

It is by the aid of the following verses
That the author hopes to see his country
In the arms of the great power of the world.

LONDON:

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.



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PREFACE.

AFTER having arranged this little work for the press, I sat down to consider from what motive I was induced to lay it before the public; but so remote, and, at the same time, so complicate are the principles of action, that it is not always easy to decide. It was no individual motive, that urged me to the task; but a variety of motives combined together; some of which are too trivial to be interesting, and others too trite to be told.

Amidst the numerous engagements of a large parish, and the daily employments of a young seminary, I have little leisure for poetry, and such, as presumes to meet the discriminating eye of criticism, requires more of the file than I can at present afford ; but, in hopes, that some of the best of my pieces will not be unacceptable to many, and will also be productive of some pecuniary emoluments to myself, I therefore hazard their publication. After my busy charge are retired to rest, I sometimes indulge an hour in sweet commerce with the muses, to prevent the intrusion of anxious care, and to relieve my mind from the pressure of fatigue ; and perhaps the same motive, that induced me to write, may induce others to read what I have written.

Following the dictates of my muse, I have sometimes strayed into the fairy haunts of fancy, and, perhaps in the opinion of many, have gone farther, in some instances, than religious severity will allow ; but had I not indulged my imagination, I should

have failed of my purpose, which was to allure the gay and thoughtless, by all the magic that my feeble song is master of, through fairy scenes, to truth's delightful bowers. With this end in view, I have endeavoured to blend instruction, with amusement, and to adorn the holy mysteries of our religion, with the attractive charms of poesy; but how far I have succeeded, it is not mine to judge. I am, however, persuaded, that the most profound and awful truths of Christianity are capable of receiving the most bold and beautiful touches from the consecrated pencil of the muse.

Religious truth has been considered of too forbidding an aspect to admit the ornaments of poetry; and the paucity of its subjects, a grand obstacle against the probability of success; but when we consider the infinite variety of ways, in which a single doctrine may be illustrated; and the many enchanting images and descriptions used by the prophets, equally and universally admired for their poetical grandeur and chaste allusions, why should

the man of genius turn away from a task, so interesting and profitable in itself, with fastidious indifference? Who have better succeeded than a Milton, a Young, or a Cowper, who felt it a delight to make these holy mysteries the burden of their song? An unskilful hand, at the same time, ought to beware, lest, through inadvertency, he draw too near the Holy Mount, or offer unhallowed fire on the Sacred Altar. From what I have said on this head, let not the reader suppose, that I mean to take any praise to myself; but, if possible, to stimulate others to make a stand on that eminence, to which in vain I aspire.

To these little pieces, which I have ventured to lay before the public, I have given the name of "Sacred Allegories," not that they can all claim that appellation; but because the majority of them is of an *allegorical* nature; and I call them *sacred*, in as much as they are devoted to the interests of morality and religion.

“The Rose of Sharon” was written before I had attained my twentieth year, and appeared in a periodical work for 1800; I have made some alterations and additions; but how far they are corrections or improvements, I leave the reader to decide.

“The Serpent and the Ape” was written about the same time; but this, and the other pieces, have never before appeared in print; and were composed at different periods, to mitigate severer studies, to fill up a leisure hour, to relieve an anxious mind, or to gratify a friend.

The Ode on Vaccination, which I have denominated an “Anacreontic,” ought not perhaps to have appeared in this volume; not because the subject wants interest, for it ought to be registered among the noblest discoveries in the medical world, and demands our sincerest congratulations; but from the mode of treating it, which savours more of the Pagan bard, than the Christian minister of the 18th century; but since it had fallen into the

hands of many individuals, and it was impossible to recal it; and since I may not have another opportunity of saying so much in its behalf before the public, I was determined to make my best of it; and have written an Epilogue (as a compensation for this defect) to the worthy Founder of Vaccination; and, at the same time, have not forgotten to ascribe the tribute of a song to Him, from whom all blessings flow. I hope this will be a sufficient apology, for its introduction in this place.

As to the religious sentiments inculcated in this little work, I am aware that many entertain doctrines very dissimilar to my own, from such, all I require is candour and liberality. They cannot be offended if I inform them, that I never should have adopted those sentiments, had I not found them best calculated to humble the pride of my own heart, to turn the natural bias of my affections, to engage me on the side of virtue and religion, to sweeten the trials of life, to dissipate the fears of death, to advance the glory of GOD, and to endear

Christ to my soul; and such an internal evidence is more than a volume of argumentative proofs, though deduced from the most undoubted authority, arranged with the greatest perspicuity, and enforced by the most cogent ratiocination. Not all that ever Grotius wrote, or Paley studied, brings with it so forcible a conviction to the mind, or administers so much comfort, in the trying season of affliction, or the more solemn hour of death, as this internal evidence, arising from what we have felt and *handled of the word of life*.

It was during a severe illness, that I first formed the resolution of throwing the best of my pieces into a little volume, to remind the friendly circle, in which I move, how uncertain and transitory are the most endeared friendships, in this abode of sin and sorrow; and to leave to the world a written testimony of my faith in JESUS, when with me time should be no longer. Although it has pleased the Almighty, through the abundance of his mercy,

to restore me to my wonted health and strength, I see no reason for altering my purpose. In the humble hope, that this little work will afford the reader some small share of profitable amusement; with all its merits and defects, I leave it to the public——*O Jesu! benedic, et benedicetur.*

Stroud,
February 10, 1810.

THE
ROSE OF SHARON.

My beloved is white and ruddy.

Solomon.

I, felix Rosa, mollibusque sertis
Nostri cinge comas Apollinaris.

Martial.

SYNOPSIS.

The Muse inquires, why some Roses are white and others red—
Fancy describes them as once being all white, growing in Paradise, around the tree of knowledge—Eve goes to the spot to gather roses, to adorn her bower; and, contrary to command, takes of the fruit of that tree—The roses are agitated, and blush at the theft, and hence become red—Truth improves the tale, as referring to *Christ*, called in Scripture “the Rose of Sharon,” who also is said to have suffered from the foundations of the world—The white rose an emblem of His purity and justifying righteousness—The red rose an emblem of His humanity and bleeding sacrifice—Lastly, a pious wish, that this Divine Rose may find a place in every bosom.

THE

ROSE OF SHARON.

WHILST ranging where the roses bloom,
The Muse would fain descry,
Why some the lily-white assume,
And some the crimson dye.

The cause was sought, but sought in vain,
Thro' mazes dark and long ;
Till Fancy sang her mystic strain,
And Truth improv'd the song.

Nigh where the tree of knowledge grew,
In Eden's hallow'd ground,
Among the bushy shrubs, that threw
Their guardian arms around.

A milk-white rose to every gale
Its lovely beauties spread,
Large sweets diffusing thro' the vale—
No roses then were red.

While Adam strung the manly nerve
To dress and keep * the ground;
His bride, well-pleas'd her lord to serve, †
Would range the garden round.

* And the LORD GOD took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it, and to keep it. *Gen. ii. 15.*

————— † Fruits of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand. *Milton.*

To cull the fruits, and tend the flow'rs,
And mark their early bloom ;
With those, she strew'd her leafy bow'rs,
Surcharg'd with rich perfume.

Where grew the rose, she often sped,
To gather fresh supplies,
And daily, from their mossy bed,
The new-blown beauties rise.

One morn (a sad and luckless morn)
She hither bent her way ;
But, ah ! less heedful of return—
Her wishes went astray.

Her eye the tree of knowledge caught,
With golden fruitage crown'd ;
But, when a free access she sought,
No free access she found.

For shrub, or flow'r, there thickly sprung,
To check the wayward foot,
And in deep file their branches flung,
Around the sacred fruit.

Yet urg'd by Satan's false pretence*
(Prime source of all our woes)
She dar'd to break the blooming fence,
And trampled on the rose.

Unaw'd she stretch'd the impious hand,
Th' alluring sweets to prove;
Regardless of her LORD's command,†
Regardless of His love.

* And the Serpent said unto the woman, ye shall not surely die; for GOD doth know, that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. *Gen. iii. 4, 5.*

† But of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die. *Gen. ii. 17.*

The injur'd flow'r beheld the theft,
And, wounded, hung its head ;
The native white its petals left,
Which, blushing, chang'd to red.

Its foliage wept a dewy show'r,
And mourn'd the strange event ;
Eve turn'd and saw th' impassion'd flow'r,
And marvell'd what it meant.

Awhile she stood and gaz'd thereon,
'Till, trembling, she withdrew,
Unconscious she had trampled on
The fairest flow'r, that grew.

Ere this event of sin and shame,
No prickly thorns were found ;
But now they burst, from ev'ry stem,
And with the rose abound.

Here Fancy paus'd—and Truth began
New wonders to disclose ;
For, lo ! the dearest friend of man
Lies couch'd beneath the rose.

This only, trodden to the ground,
Dishonour'd, blush'd a red ;
'Twas Sharon's rose, * that felt the wound,
'Twas Sharon's Rose, that bled.

Th' atrocious deed no sooner done
Than CHRIST the victim stood ; †
In purest white his Godhead shone, ‡
His manhood bath'd in blood.

* I am the Rose of Sharon.

Cant. ii. 1.

† The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

Rev. xv. 8.

‡ For in Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.

Col. ii. 9.

And hence the roses now unite,
To set forth him that bled ;
This wears the justifying white,
And that the atoning red.

A thousand beauties those may yield,
But never can disclose
Half of the sweets, that lie conceal'd,
In Sharon's matchless Rose.

Wouldst thou its balmy blessings share ?
Then seize the present hour ;
And, in thy bosom, ever wear *
This sweet, this lovely flow'r.

* Let Christ dwell in your hearts by faith,

Ephes. iii. 17.

THE
LILY OF THE VALLIES;
OR,
A SEARCH AFTER INNOCENCE.

Even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.

Matt. vi. 29.

O tu, qui major es Solomone, indue me perfectâ justitiâ tuâ!

Bp. Hall.

SYNOPSIS.

An Address to the Lily—The Lily an emblem of Innocence

Innocence once sought among the fair sex—Among the shepherds of the plain—In the hermit's cell—The hermit shews, that Innocence is not to be found on earth—Not even in the cradle of infancy—Innocence returned to heaven, when Adam fell—Came down again to earth, when our Lord, here characterized as Truth, became incarnate—Truth slain by the shaft of an enemy, and Innocence dies with him—The Lily said to spring from the spot, where Innocence was buried—Ought to remind us of the purity and righteousness of Christ—Farewell taken of the hermit—A reversion to the Lily—Laments the disparity between that flower and himself—A prayer for Divine blessing, that the incense of praise may ascend more sweet and more lasting than the fragrance of the Lily.

THE
LILY OF THE VALLIES ;

OR,

A SEARCH AFTER INNOCENCE.

SWEET flow'ret! thou boast of the vale!
How graceful and lovely thy form!
Chaste emblem of innocence, hail !
Nor fear the rude stroke of the storm.

No blast now is heard on the hill,
Young Zephyrus sports on the wing ;
Yet scarce discomposes the rill,
That runs from the neighbouring spring.

Blythe lily ! come, open thy sweets,
Unfold all thy beauties to me ;
The Muse, in fond ecstasy, greets
Sweet Innocence, shadow'd by thee.

If her genius e'er visit those dells,
If on earth the fair charmer be found,
Sure she sleeps, in thy white silver bells,
And diffuses her blessings around.

Long ago I distinguish'd her worth,
Nor now am less loud in her praise ;
But I thought her no stranger on earth,
Tho' a stranger myself to her ways.

When the *fair* first arrested my sight,
So unread in the world and its wiles,
I presum'd, that this angel of light
Only liv'd, in their looks, and their smiles.

As this gay fairy circle I trod,
Much was said of an innocent mind;
Tho' their hearts were estranged from GOD,
And to fashion and folly inclin'd.

Tho' a zeal seem to glow in each breast,
To reflect her soft image and charms;
Yet, if one be more prais'd than the rest,
Like true Amazons, all are in arms.

Then her diamonds are awkwardly set,
Or her manners affected or rude;
And, if lively, a very coquette,
If modest, condemn'd for a prude.

Taking leave of those fair ones, I sped,
To contemplate a homelier train,
That kept house in a straw-cover'd shed,
And fed a few sheep on the plain.

So simple their manners appeared,
 Their language so artless and free,
That I thought, as a sheep-boy I heard,
 In full song, 'neath a juniper tree,

Surely this is her hallow'd retreat,
 Here Innocence harmlessly roves,
Well-pleas'd with the lambkin's soft bleat,
 Or the coo of her own turtle doves.

His rude note drew me nearer the spot,
 And I ventur'd for once to intrude;
But I wish from my heart I had not,
 For the song was immodest, and lewd.

He arose from the bank to chastise
 A poor sheep, that seem'd willing to stray,
And curs'd its poor limbs, and its eyes—
 Oh! I shudder'd, and turn'd me away.

This sad scene all my courage disarms,
And I sought me a place where to weep;
For if these are simplicity's charms,
Then adieu to the sheep-boy and sheep.

To a wood I directed my steps,
Whose deep glens scarce admitted the day,
Where alone I bewail'd the mishaps,
That perchance had fall'n out by the way.

It was said—in this thick-wooded maze,
An hermit had built him a cell,
And how grieved with the world and its ways,
He preferr'd in this desert to dwell.

Here I thought she, in sooth, might reside,
With her soft magic wand, to assuage
All the ills, that his life may betide,
Or the aches and the sorrows of age.

Remote from temptations and snares,
This spot she might claim as her home ;
And, caress'd by the wisdom of years,
Ne'er wish from his cabin to roam.

While, thus musing, my path I pursued,
If path it may fairly be deem'd,
Him perchance I espied thro' the wood,
And to me more than human he seem'd.

On his breast, hung a long flowing beard,
Now white with the snows of old age;
And his secret devotions appear'd,
All the warmth of his heart to engage.

' Behold'—to myself I exclaim'd—
' An Israelite* free from all guile !'
But, lest my rude steps should be blam'd,
I drew back and there listen'd awhile.

* St. John i. 47.

Tho' the leaves rustled round me apace,
Undisturb'd, he still urged his pray'r ;
Perhaps he thought me some beast of the chace,
That cropp'd the green foliage there.

Much astonish'd, I heard him complain,
How vile were the thoughts of his heart ;
How unholy, distrustful, and vain,
And how prone from his GOD to depart.

As he paus'd—I prepar'd to withdraw,
Deeply struck with the scene I had past ;
But my mind was so smitten with awe,
That I found myself riveted fast.

Reft of speech, I beheld his approach ;
My silence increas'd his surprise ;
On each other still loath to encroach,
Till the tears rush'd in streams from mine eyes.

And canst thou, I cried, be so vile,
As thy pray'r hath so lately confest?—
' Oh, yes ;'—said the sage with a smile—
' And more vile than e'er language exprest.

Tho' I live in this desert alone,
Still I feel a dread warfare within ;
For this heart, gentle stranger, is prone,
Like all others, to folly and sin.*

Ah ! I said, I had fondly believ'd,
That sweet Innocence lodg'd in thy cell ;
But, if still my fond hopes are deceiv'd,
I must bid her for ever—farewell.

* It is said of *St. Basil*, that he had persuaded himself, if he were in a wilderness, remote from the society of men, he should be happy, and serve GOD more devoutly ; but when he came to make trial, alas ! said he, it is in vain, that I flee from the world, while I take my own heart with me, *which is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.*

‘ Vain indeed,’ cried the sage, ‘ is thy search,
If thy hopes are confin’d to this earth ;
Come, and rest thee beneath this broad larch,
And I’ll tell thee her lineage and birth.

That fair lily, in yonder green sward,
So rare in this wilderness seen,
May perhaps the best emblem afford
Of what the fair maid must have been.

Tho’ her home and her birth-place be heav’n,
She once deign’d to inhabit the plain ;
But when man was from Paradise driv’n,
She return’d to those regions again.

Ever since man hath wander’d forlorn,
A slave to his passions and sin ;*
E’en as soon as the infant is born,
See, its little rebellions begin.†

* Gen. viii. 21.

† Psalm lviii. 3.

Mark the babe, by example untaught,
Newly enter'd on life's busy stage,
If but cross'd, with what fury 'tis fraught!
How it writhes with resentment and rage !

But when Truth left his palace above,
Our misguided steps to restore ;
Sweet Innocence, tutor'd by Love,
Once again came to visit this shore.

Tho' his path lay thro' perils and snares,
Unseduc'd she kept close to his side,
And met, without tremors or fears,
Th' artillery of malice and pride.

But at length, at the bosom of Truth,
A deep-piercing arrow was thrown,
And so keen was her sense, that, in sooth,
The shaft seem'd to enter her own.

As the blood gushed forth from the wound :

“ If thou canst, Oh ! forgive them ”*—she cried ;
Then turn’d her meek eye to the ground,
And sorrow’d, and sicken’d, and died.

On the spot, as some minstrel hath sung,
Where uprose her green turf in the vale,
There the white-bosom’d lily first sprung,
And flung its new sweets to the gale.

Thou may’st now, said the hermit discern,
What that fair little flow’ret may teach ;
And thy spots, from its purity, learn,
Which could Solomon’s glory impeach.†

* Then said Jesus, Father forgive them, for they know not what they do. *Luke xxiii. 34.*

† Consider the lilies how they grow : they toil not, they spin not ; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. *Luke xii. 27,*

But a greater than Solomon's here—
That *Christ* in the lily behold,*
Whom the faithful must ever revere,
And acknowledge more precious than gold.

Tho' vain man may no beauty espy,
Nor in him any comeliness trace,†
His righteousness only can vie,
With its purity, lustre, and grace.

Tho' of Innocence wholly despoil'd,
Yet with his spotless righteousness on,‡
More pure than the lily unsoil'd,
Thou may'st meet the broad beams of the sun.

* I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Vallies. *Cant.* ii. 1.

† He hath no form, nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. *Isa.* liii. 2.

‡ That I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law; but that, which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of GOD, by faith.

Phil. iii. 9.

May that flow'r oft remind thee, he cried,
As it blooms mid the thorns of the brake,
Of the Saviour, that suffer'd and died,
That suffer'd and died for thy sake.

How sweet is the fragrance it yields;
More sweet is the blessing he gives;
That only can cheer the green fields,
But on this man is feasted, and lives.'

Here he paus'd—and as day was far sped,
And the trees were all sprinkled with dew,
He now press'd me to call at his shed,
But I thank'd him, and slowly withdrew.

For I thought me unworthy his cell,
Unworthy his hallow'd retreat;
Tho' for e'er on his lips I could dwell,
And with tears could have washed his feet.

Taught by him, in each flower that blows,
Some trait of my Saviour I see :*
But in none half such purity glows,
As is seen, lovely lily, in thee.

In elegance far more replete
Than the king of the ivory throne ;†
Thy graces, how lovely and sweet,
Oh ! could I but call them my own !

In purity, lustre, and grace,
I would fain the fair lily excel ;
But in me folly shoots up apace,
And a thousand impurities dwell.

* Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
Rules universal nature. Not a flow'r
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrivall'd pencil. *Cowper.*

† Moreover King Solomon made a great throne of ivory, and overlaid it with the best gold. *1 Kings x. 18.*

O shine, thou bright Sun,* from the skies,
And disperse this disconsolate gloom,
And my heart's warmest praise shall arise,
More sweet than the lily's perfume.

More sweet and more lasting by far,
For that must soon fade and decay;
But this, which no storms can impair,
Shall bloom in ineffable day.

* But unto you, that fear my name, shall the Sun of Righteousness arise, with healing in his wings. *Malachi iv. 2.*

THE
HAWTHORN.

He, that of thorns would gather roses, may,
In his own heart, if handled the right way.

Quarles.

SYNOPSIS.

Truth, contemplating in the woodlands, inquires why the thorn that was sent as a curse should produce such lovely blossoms?—Fancy's ideal train come to her assistance to resolve this query—Calvary described—Death hurls a shaft at the Saviour, which is broken to shivers against his side—The thorns on the Saviour's brow immediately burst forth into flower.—The ruddy haws, of what they are the emblem—How they ought to remind us of the sufferings of Christ—Truth improves it—Thorns emblematical of afflictions—Afflictions productive of the richest blessings, when sanctified by Christ—More especially, because by him the sting of death is taken away.

THE
HAWTHORN.

PENSIVE in the woodland dell,
Waiting for the sabbath bell,
Truth, a stranger to parade,
Sought the solitary shade :
(Like the bird of golden wing,*
Modest, humble, harmless thing,
Which, deep-embosom'd in the glen,
Shuns the woodman's sober ken)

* The Pheasant.

Musing here amid the gloom,
Lo ! an Hawthorn's early bloom
Led the damsel to explore
Novel source of mystic lore—
Why so rude a thorn should bear
Flow'rs so sweet, and passing fair?

Thorns, said she, receiv'd their birth,*
As the primal curse of earth ;
Thorns the Lord of Glory wore,†
Emblem of the curse he bore ;
Why then should such sweets adorn
This uncouth, this savage thorn ?

As she paus'd—across the plain,
Glided Fancy's fairy train,

* Cursed is the ground for thy sake ; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it, all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth. *Gen. iii. 17.*

† Pilate therefore took Jesus and scourged him ; and the soldiers platted a crown of thorns, and put it on his head. *John xix. 1, 2.*

Prompt to aid the pregnant theme,
Prompt to build the mystic dream,
But awhile the task delay'd
Daunted by the peerless maid ;
Her looks were awful and severe,
Yet brighter than the noon-day clear ;
Much they sought and much they tried,
To lay their bashfulness aside ;
Till, wrapt beneath their downy wings,
Deep they struck the trembling strings.

Hail ! imperial nymph ! they cry,
Matchless queen of sanctity !
Deem it, if we thus intrude,
Deem it, neither rash, nor rude,
Whilst we, a truant race, unfold,
What harper yet ne'er sung or told,
And soon shall wake thy silver chord,
In the loud praises of thy LORD.

Hard by Salem's towery steep,
Where thou satest down to weep,

When thou went'st, with pilgrim band,*
Bare and sad, to holy land,
Near that riven rock of moss,
There once hung, on bloody cross,
One, whom thou hast often sung,
There, on bloody cross, he hung ;
His hands, his feet, with iron torn,
His temples wreath'd with platted thorn.

There, as gush'd the life-stream red,
(Well thou know'st for whom he bled)
Lo ! amid the murderous clan,
Scowl'd a monster, pale and wan,
Wrapt in shade of awful brown,
On his head a mural crown ;
In his hand a shaft he bore,
Dreadful shaft, all black with gore ;

* In the first ages of Christianity, multitudes of Pilgrims went to Jerusalem, to visit the holy sepulchre ; although they were urged to this undertaking by motives of superstition, yet since they professed the faith of Christ, truth may be said to accompany them thither.

Feather'd from a dæmon's wing ;
Pointed with a deadly sting ;
Which, urg'd by cruel hate and pride,
He plung'd into the Saviour's side ;
And such the force with which he threw,
That, crash !—the shaft in shivers flew,
As if against a rock 'twas thrown :
Death saw and fetch'd a hideous groan ;
All nature shook, the sun retir'd,
And death himself had nigh expir'd ;
His shaft was broke, his sting was lost,
Himself with dire convulsions tost ;
His mother, Sin, distract and wild,
Felt inly for this misborn child,
Who felt a pang, at his heart-core,
Which time, or chance, can heal no more.

Whilst here, entranc'd in rueful dream,
Death gaz'd upon the purple stream,
That issued from the chieftain's side,
Who prov'd th' abaser of his pride,

Behold ! to crown that glorious hour,
The thorn bursts forth in milkwhite flow'r ;
The thorn, that wreath'd the Saviour's head,
As if the primal curse were fled ;
As if the thorn, with blossoms crown'd,
No more were sent to curse the ground ;
But to remind us of the day,
When JESUS took the curse away.*
—Yes ; whilst the little flow'ry gems
Forth started, from the prickly stems.
On the thorn, his life-blood lay,
Which the petals bore away ;
In holy trust, the orient edge
Still retains the sacred pledge ;
Still, upon the trembling chives,
See, the hallow'd crimson lives !
But, if, beneath a treach'rous sky,
This sacred relic waste and die,

* Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made
a curse for us ; for it is written, cursed is every one, that hangeth
on a tree.

Gal. iii. 13.

If no faint streak of red appear,
On petal, or chive, thro' all the year,
Yet see, whene'er the blossom dies,
How thick the deep-stain'd berries rise ;
As if the thorn, once steep'd in gore,
Would now those sacred drops restore ;
Would now remind us of the day,
When JESUS took the curse away.

Thus the little elfin train
Sang their soft enchanting strain ;
Truth, in sober thought, the while
Listen'd, with suspended smile,
That Fancy's elves, with goblin shell,
Should imitate her note so well.

Now waking from her reverie,
Hail ! mysterious thorn, said she,
Tho' the world thy worth impeach,
Much thy rugged form may teach :
Sorrows, in this desert ground,
Thornlike, every where abound ;

And oft, like those that vex the field,
Nought but sterile prickles yield ;
But if men bear, or pain, or loss,
He, who died on Calvary's cross,
He, who wore the platted thorn,
Hath the selfsame sorrows borne ;
And, if they learn from him to bear,
They ne'er will murmur, or despair ;
For thus, if hallow'd by his blood,
What's evil call'd produceth good ;
And e'en afflictions thus will bear
Full many a flow'r, divinely fair ;
Largely fraught with rich perfume,
And sweeter far than Hawthorn-bloom.

No fear of death shall now controul,
Or overawe the holy soul ;
Since the fell foe at length is foil'd,
His empire lost, his armour spoil'd,
And that, on which he trusted most,
All dash'd to shivers, at his cost.

Hence thro' the world, bereft of sting,*
Wanders sad the ruthless king ;
Tho' he may oft our fears alarm,
Death can now no longer harm ;
Grieve not then ye saints of GOD,
Pilgrims in a thorny road ;
Tho' along the pathway plain,
Cheerless many a thorn remain,
Yet, beneath a Saviour's pow'r,
Every thorn shall bear a flow'r,
And, in lasting verdure shine,
Sanctified by blood Divine.

* O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ?
The sting of death is sin ; and the strength of sin is the law ; but
thanks be to GOD, who giveth us the victory, through our LORD
JESUS CHRIST.

1 Cor. xv. 55, 56, 57.

THE SAME ABRIDGED.

MYSTERIOUS Thorn! I hail thy rugged form,
Late the rude sport of many a wintry storm;
Nature's prime curse! now deck'd with lovely
 flow'rs,
As if the first dire spell had lost its pow'rs,
And thou wert now no bane.—Yes, on the day,
When JESUS, dying our great debt to pay,
Exclaim'd—" 'Tis finish'd"—on his awful head,
With sacred joy the thorn first blossomed—
So paints my fancy—But in thee is seen
True emblem of afflictions, sharp and keen,
Which, blest by him, produce a flow'ry gem,
More sweet than that, which decks thy prickly stem,
Bloom on, rude Shrub, and may I learn from thee,
To bloom amid the pangs of keenest misery.

THE
STRICKEN DEER.



———— With many an arrow deep infixt,
My panting side was charg'd. *Cowper.*



SYNOPSIS.

The Christian, like the forest Deer, born in a barren waste—lives a careless life—unmindful of his Maker—is awakened by conscience—dreads his fate—flies to the strong holds of self-righteousness for refuge—is disappointed—still trusts to his own powers—is humbled—every false refuge fails—flies to the blood of Christ—there keeps his doubts and fears at bay—finds refreshment and comfort—glories in Him as the rock of his salvation—desires to dwell with His people, until he exchange earth for heaven.

THE

STRICKEN DEER.

BROUGHT forth upon the desert wild,
And in the forest bred,
Regardless, whilst the seasons smil'd,
Like other deer I fed.

The cares of life were vain to me,
Were folly at the best ;
I sported, in my wanton glee,
And made e'en life a jest.

Shelter'd amid the upland trees,
I ran the wild career ;
Gave all my troubles to the breeze,
And thought no danger near.

Tho' others round me victims fell,
The dusky glades among ;
I still presum'd, that all was well,
And join'd the giddy throng.

Cheerly upon the mountain brow,
I hail'd the rosy morn ;
Or saunter'd in the brakes below,
And cropp'd the budding thorn.

Yet still, amid the mossy glade,
I stretch'd my weary form,
Heedless of Him, who spreads the shade,
And wings the flying storm.

Tho' long a daring ingrate vile,
I ventur'd to divine,
That heav'n would still upon me smile,
That innocence was mine.

But soon the awful mandate ran—
' Arrest that wayward Deer'—
And straight the deep-mouth'd horn began
To wake each guilty fear.

By conscience started for the chase,
My danger now I see ;
My lair I left with nimble pace,
But whither could I flee ?

Before me, lay a dreary waste,
Beset with beasts of prey ;
Behind me, blew the bugle-blast,
More to be fear'd than they.

The neighb'ring rocks of moss-grown stone,
My fav'rite haunts before,
All seem'd to echo—' Wretch, begone,
We shelter now no more.'

Begirt with storms, the welkin lour'd,
Presaging mischief near ;
And many an hungry ban-dog pour'd
His death-note in my ear.

Yet still I trusted to my speed,
So consummate my pride !
But thorns and thickets now impede,
And goad my panting side.

The loftiest honours of my brow,*
Right humble, curse their day ;
Whilst many a brake, and many a slough,
My faltering steps betray.

* Antlers.

Whene'er I gain'd a moment's ease,
A respite from my pain,
A rustling leaf, a passing breeze,
Brought back my fears again.*

Thus tir'd, and wounded, in the chase,
Alas ! too late I found,
A wounded Deer may fly the place,
But cannot fly the wound.

Now, trembling, on my watery cheek,
The tear suspended hung,
And griefs, which only tears can speak,
My inmost bosom wrung.

* Now the blown stag, thro' woods, bogs, roads and streams,
Hath measur'd half the forest ; but, alas !
He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears :
Tho' far he cast the lingering pack behind,
His hagger'd fancy still with horror views
The fell destroyer ; still the fatal cry
Insults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.

Somerville,

Till just when every refuge fail'd,
 And every hope was fled,
 And black despair my life assail'd,
 Close hov'ring o'er my head.*

Behold, a Rock before me stood,
 A Rock, whose riven side
 Pour'd forth, of water, and of blood,
 Full many a mystic tide.

* Lest this appear to some an unnatural picture, it may be well to observe, that in Asia birds of prey are trained to fly at the stag, during the chase.

Forth bursts the stag,
 Nor trusts the mazes of his deep recess.
 ——— One eagle wheeling flies,
 In airy labyrinths, or, with easier wing,
 Skims by his side, and stuns his patient ear,
 With hideous cries; then peals his forehead broad,
 Or at his eyes his fatal malice aims.
 The other, like the bolt of angry heav'n,
 Darts down at once, and fixes, on his back,
 Her griping talons—The greyhounds fierce,
 Seizing their prey, soon drag him to the ground;
 Groaning he falls; with eyes that swim in tears,
 He looks on man, chief author of his woe,
 And weeps, and dies.

Somerville.

Here bent to terminate my woe,
I breath'd this wish sincere—
'LORD, if I perish, be it so,
But let me perish here.'

And straight impatient of delay,
I plung'd into the wave,*
Where all my foes were kept at bay,
Or found a watery grave.

* The Deer, when closely pursued, makes to the water, and there keeps the hounds at bay, or

—————Sculks immers'd ;
His nose, alone above the waves, draws in
The vital air ; all else, beneath the flood,
Conceal'd and lost, deceives each prying eye
Of man or brute. *Somerville.*

—————The hunted deer,
Closely pursued, quits all her wonted fear,
And takes the nearest wave, which from the shore,
She oft, with horror, had beheld before. *Cowley.*

As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul
after thee, O GOD. *Psalms xlii. 1.*

Another stream had been my death,
But here new life I found ;
Its virtues cheer'd my panting breath,
And clos'd up every wound.

With joy, with gratitude supreme,
These mercies I record ;
That Rock, that pour'd the vital stream,
That Rock was Christ the LORD.*

Who was himself a stricken Deer,†
And many a hardship tried,
Till, wounded by the archers, here
He panted, groan'd, and died.

* And Moses lifted up his hand, and with his rod he smote the Rock twice, and the water came out abundantly. *Num.* xx. 11.

And that Rock was Christ.

1 Cor. x. 4.

† Stricken, smitten of GOD, and afflicted.

Isa. liii. 4.

But now, transform'd, a Rock he stands,
 Whence free salvation flows,
Whose waters cheer the thirsty lands,
 And staunch our bleeding woes.

Happy are they, who refuge find,
 In his deep-smitten side,
Or drown the sorrows of the mind,
 In that impurpled tide.

Sweet stream of love ! by me preferr'd
 To all the streams that flow !
Long may I range among the herd,
 That graze thy banks below.

Till yonder fields receive my soul,
 Where endless pleasures rise,
And, thro' the velvet meadows, roll
 Their streams of living joys.

THE
SERPENT AND THE APE.

Beware lest any spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit.

Paul.

SYNOPSIS.

The Fact stated—The Serpent conceals himself on some covert tree.—Attracts the Ape by his hissing—Seizes and puts him to death.—*The Fact improved*—Infidels, like subtle serpents, allure the credulous—Unwary youths, like deluded apes, ruined by their subtilties—A prayer against infidelity and scepticism.

THE

SERPENT AND THE APE.

FAR from hence a land* is known,
Known to them who dangers brave,
Stretch'd beneath the torrid zone,
Bosom'd in the wave.

* The island *Celebes*, in the Eastern Indian Ocean, where there is a great variety of apes and monkies. "The chief enemies of the monkies are serpents, which are continually in pursuit of them; the larger swallowing them whole; the smaller employ art and cunning to ensnare them; perched upon a tree, they make a hissing noise, which draws the curious ape to find the cause, when the serpent seizes him, and sucks his blood."

Encyclopædia Londinensis.

There a race of serpents dwell,
Offspring of a vicious brood ;
There the ape too finds a cell,
Nursling of the wood.

Prone to ill, the speckled foe
Shrewdly acts the traitor's part,
And in secret deals the blow,
Master of his art.

Perch'd upon the ebon tree,
Much he labours to excite
Apish curiosity—
Ill-starr'd *Celebite* !

Hark ! a hissing noise is heard,
Waking wild the woods around,
Apey stares, and strokes his beard,
Puzzled at the sound.

Who more curious is than he,
From effects to find the cause?—
Ever-meddling he must see,
 Whence the hissing rose.

Thro' the dingle's bosky shade,
Now the idle task he plies,
Dares the very spot invade,
 Where the traitor lies.

Till, at length, the hidden shape,
Slily watching to betray,
Seizes the poor witless ape,
 Fondly led astray.

Long for life he struggles hard,
But he never more escapes ;
Serpents, as their due reward,
 Suck the blood of apes.

Silly brute ! he little thought
Death so near in ambush lay ;
Thus, by the old Serpent, caught,
Thousands fall a prey.

Picture this of British ground—
Would to GOD it were not true !
Apes in every land abound,
Aye, and serpents too.

Sceptics, enemies to truth,
Who their hostile schemes maintain,
To mislead unwary youth,
Credulous and vain.

Born in sin, too soon they choose
Hissing error's winding ways,
Till the paths of truth they lose,
Lost in folly's maze.

Revelation they deride,
Save what reason may reveal ;
Thus dim reason, deified,
Prompts their bigot-zeal.

Hence they venture to blaspheme,
Give to holy seers the lie ;
Trifle with a Saviour's name,
Curse their GOD and die.*

* It is lamentable to reflect, how many young men of fashion, who are as noted for their want of sense, as for their want of religion, fancy themselves accredited for men of deep science, as soon as they have learnt the jargon of infidelity, and can retail a few insipid jests against Christianity—But, mark their exit—Even Voltaire, the High Priest of their Profession, was constrained, on his dying bed, to do homage to that Religion, which he had so wantonly and blasphemously reviled. “Then it was,” says the Abbé Barruel, “that D’Alembert, Diderot, and others, approached him but to witness their own ignominy. He would often curse them, and exclaim, ‘Retire, begone, it is you that have brought me to my present misery.’ Then would succeed the horrid remembrance of his conspiracy; they could hear him,

Witlings thus too oft we see,
Fall, entangled in the bait,
Whilst old infidelity
Triumphs in the cheat.

Blessed LORD! be thou my guide,
Thro' this desert, drear and wild,
Lest my heart should turn aside
Thoughtlessly beguil'd.

now become the prey of anguish and despair, alternately supplicating, or blaspheming, that GOD, against whom he had conspired; and in plaintive accents would he cry out: 'Oh, Christ! Oh, Jesus Christ!' and then complain, that he was abandoned by GOD and man. The physicians, called in to administer relief, thunderstruck retire, declaring the death of the impious man to be terrible indeed. The pride of his coadjutors would willingly have suppressed these declarations, but in vain. The Mareschal de Richelieu flies from his bedside, declaring it a sight too terrible to be sustained: M. Tronchin, one of his physicians, said, that the furies of Orestes could give but a faint idea of those of Voltaire. Thus died, on the 30th of May, 1778, the most unrelenting conspirator against Christianity, that had been since the days of Nero or Dioclesian. They made martyrs, but he apostates."

May I ever prove thy word,
Strongest armour 'gainst the foe,
Nor this trusty shield and sword,
Dastardly forego.

Those, who on thy truth depend,
No delusions shall deceive—
What I cannot comprehend,
Help me to believe.

From each foe be my defence,
Firmly fortify my mind,
'Gainst the snares of feeble sense,
Sceptical and blind.

THE
LOVES RECLAIMED.

Χῶ μὲν δῖσως,
Ὅς δ' ἐπὶ τόξον ἔβαιν', ὅς δ' ἔυπλερον ἄγε φαρέτερόν.

Bion.

SYNOPSIS.

A Minstrel, musing on the lapse of time, reflects on the follies of his youth—His song draws thither a troop of elfin Loves, who hope to be amused with his usual licentious ditties—He conducts them to the altar of Religion, too long and too much neglected—Here he sings the wonders of redeeming Love—They feel remorse, and, with one consent, destroy their bows and arrows—Their quivers are converted into censers, and supplied with a live coal from off the holy altar—They attach themselves to the interests of Religion, and are exhorted to be faithful—The whole shews how our affections, once attached to illicit pleasures, may, by proper views of the Love of Christ, be reclaimed from such pursuits, and enlisted in the service of Religion.

THE

LOVES RECLAIMED.

A BARD, with aged honours blest,
Sequester'd in yon favourite nook,
With many a darkling thought imprest,
Amus'd him by the mountain-brook.

Here, as he hail'd some brother's grave,
And swept his wild harp, soft and sweet,
In concert to the murmuring wave,
That dash'd the grey stone, at his feet.

He thought he heard the torrent stream
Remind him of the lapse of time ;
And rous'd, as from some idle dream,
He wept the follies of his prime.

He wept, that e'er his harp was strung,
To serve a low licentious train ;
He wept, and, as he wept, he sung,
A sweeter and sublimer strain.

Vast was the theme, and deep, and grand,
Beyond what vulgar harpers sing ;
Full conscious was his tremulous hand ;
Full daring was the sounding string.

And thither, from the neighb'ring glade,
It drew a troop of lawless Loves,
That wanton'd in the lurid shade,
Amid their own polluted groves.

For as, across th' adjacent vale,
They heard the minstrel's harp complain,
They thought it still some tragic tale
Of slighted love, or lover slain.

With haste, they weave the myrtle wreath,
(The simple poet's rich reward)
And knot the wild flow'rs of the heath,
To crown their long devoted bard.

For near, beside a rev'rend yew,
An altar wrought with mystic rhymes,
O'er which the mantling ivy grew,
Confest the deeds of other times.

Rough was its form, its date remote,
Built by some saint or pilgrim grey ;
But since to meaner deeds devote,
By meaner devotees than they.

To which the thoughtful sage retires,
Close follow'd by the elfin band,
Who hope to see the unhallow'd fires,
Rekindled by the minstrel's hand.

But soon were baffled all their schemes—
But soon they learnt from him to weep—
O'eraw'd by the tremendous themes
Of Kidron's brook,* and Calvary's steep.

Amaz'd they see new fires descend,
In lambent columns, down the skies;
And angels o'er the altar bend—
A heart was still the sacrifice.

* The brook Kidron, or Cedron, separated the city of Jerusalem from the garden of Gethsemane, where our LORD sustained that bitter agony, which caused great drops of blood to run from his body to the ground.

Jesus went forth, with his disciples, over the brook Cedron, where was a garden, into the which he entered with his disciples.

John xviii. 1.

But, when they heard him sing the worth—
 (As far as mortal minstrel can)—
Of that dear Lord of heav'n and earth,
 Who suffer'd, bled, and died, for man.

And how he seeks the heart to win,
 That now, misguided, joys to rove,
In the wild wastes of death and sin,
 Enamour'd of illicit love.

They felt the guilty tear-drop flow,
 They felt the conscious sigh intrude,
Abash'd at what they heard and saw,
 But most at their ingratitude.

Some on the ground, to hide the blush,
 Decypher there His mystic name ;
Whilst others to the altar rush,
 And fling their arrows in the flame.

Not one but spurn'd his subtle dart,
And snapp'd in twain the bow he bore ;
Resolv'd to teach the human heart,
To wander and to weep no more.

Or, if it weep, to mourn the crimes,
That nail'd him to the savage wood ;
That steel the wretch, in modern times,
To trample on the Saviour's blood.*

Now fraught with zeal, for virtue bold,
Their vile artillery they forsake ;
And censers of celestial mould,
Of their disburthen'd quivers make.

* Who hath trodden under foot the Son of GOD, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite to the Spirit of grace.

Hebrews x. 29.

Which, furnish'd from the altar, glow,
With a live coal,* that might inspire,
Within the coldest breast of snow,
A minstrel's, or a seraph's fire.

Hail! happy Loves, for ever blest,
For ever blest, if faithful found,
No more to tempt your guileless guest,
To wander on forbidden ground.

Be yours the task—be yours the joy—
To fan the flame of love divine;
And, foremost in that sweet employ,
To warm such frigid hearts as mine.

• Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar: and he laid it upon my mouth and said, Lo! this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged.

Isaiah vi. 6, 7.

THE LOVES RECLAIMED.

Be yours yon hallow'd shrine to guard,
And, when the honour'd sage draws near,
To hover round the suppliant bard,
And pour the incense * on his pray'r.

Nor from that holy altar stray,
Save some benighted saint to guide,
Or lonely pilgrim, on his way,
To where sweet peace, and you reside.

But, if, to spread Emmanuel's fame,
Ye seek in distant climes to roam,
To rear new altars to his name,
And call your misled votaries home.

* And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. *Rev. viii. 3.*

Go, little Loves, with one accord,
Go, teach the shepherds of the grove,
With sacred wreaths, to crown their LORD,
The sole and rightful GOD of Love.*

His is a love, unsung, unknown,
More deep than the unfathom'd sea ;
Firm as the pillars of his throne,
Vast as his own eternity.

* 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

THE
VIOLET.

Nor is the *Violet* last, in the shining embassy of the year ; which, with all the embellishments, that would grace a royal garden, condescends to line our hedges, and grow at the feet of briars— Emblem, expressive emblem, of those modest virtues, that love to bloom in obscurity.

Hervcy.

SYNOPSIS.

The ever-blessed Messiah, tho' exalted above all power and might, condescends to feed his Father's meanest fold—A lambkin strays—He goes in search of it—Sees its misery, and sympathizes with it—As he weeps over it, his tears are transformed into white Violets—Rushing amid the brambles, to save this little wanderer, a thorn pierces his heel—From the blood, issuing from the wound, many of the Violets receive a purple stain—The white Violet, an emblem of virgin saints—The purple Violet, a symbol of distinguished martyrs—A desire to participate the modest virtues of this lowly flower.

THE

VIOLET.

THE Hero,* by whose mighty arm,
The rebel thrones were driv'n,
O'erwhelm'd in one eternal storm,
Down from the heights of heav'n.

* Into thee, such virtue and grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In heav'n and hell thy power above compare,
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus
To manifest thee worthiest to be heir
Of all things, to be heir and to be king,
By sacred unction ; thy deserved right.
Go then, thou mightiest in thy Father's might,

Tho' hymn'd above to harps of gold,
Supreme beyond compare,
Made e'en his Father's meanest fold,
His study and his care.

In him there dwelt a heart so kind,
To spare the teeming dam ;
In him such love and pity join'd,
To nurse the friendless lamb,*

Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels,
That shake heav'n's basis ; bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder ; my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh ;
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out
From all heav'n's bounds, into the utter deep ;
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
GOD and Messiah, his anointed king. *Milton.*

* He gathers the lambs with his arm, and carries them in his bosom, and gently leads those that are with young.

Isaiah xl. 11.

That e'en in scenes, abrupt and wild,
Amid the dreariest way,
His presence all their wants beguil'd,
His smiles compos'd their day.

Thus favour'd were his fleecy flock,
Nor fear'd the noon-tide beam,
Shelter'd beneath the mountain-rock,
Beside the mountain-stream.

But all were not obedient found;
For, by deep wiles betray'd,
Presuming on forbidden ground,
A thoughtless lambkin stray'd.*

* And when the woman saw, that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also to her husband with her, and he did eat. *Gen. xix. 10.*

Averse to yield her up a prey,
He now resolves to roam,*
Thro' many a dark and winding way,
To fetch this wanderer home.

Drear was the road, all rough and steep,
Till near the spot he came,
Where lay this little vagrant sheep,
Transfixt with grief and shame.

Cast in a wilderness remote,
All cheerless and forlorn,
Dishevell'd was her fleecy coat,
By ruthless brambles torn.

* As a shepherd seeketh out his flock, in the day, that he is among his sheep, that are scattered, so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places, where they have been scattered, in the cloudy and dark day. *Ezek. xxxiv. 12.*

The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.

Luke xix. 10.

Her bleat he knew, he saw her thrall,
Wrought by a base decoy ;
His bowels melt, the tear-drops fall,
With sympathy and joy.

And where the pearly drops distill'd,
The desert owns his pow'r ;
Soft tufts of green o'erspread the field—
Each tear becomes a flow'r.

A milkwhite flow'r, a Violet sweet,
Which breath'd its fragrance round ;
Its birth the furzy billocks greet,
And in rude joy rebound.

But still the princely Shepherd sought,
To rescue from despair,
His lambkin, in the thicket caught,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear.

Rushing amid the brambly brakes,
 Tho' misery has no charms,
Gladly the little wretch he takes,
 And clasps her to his arms.

But, lo ! a lurking thorn was there,
 More sharp than polish'd steel ;
And, where the sandal left it bare,
 Pierc'd deep his sacred heel.

In purple drops, the blood gush'd forth,
 And stain'd the snow-white flow'r,
Which first receiv'd its genial birth,
 In that eventful hour.

Tho' largely flow'd the reeking gore,
 Well-pleas'd the Saviour stood,
To see this little faithful flow'r
 Imbibe his sacred blood.

‘ Hail ! lovely flow’ret of the sky,’
Methinks I hear him say,
‘ Bear on thy leaves this purple die,
In memory of this day.’

Hence in the Violet tribe we see
A double charm unite ;
This wears the purple livery,
And that still claims the white.

Pure white it blooms, without attaint,
In its imperial dress ;
Sweet emblem of the virgin saint,
In robes of righteousness.

The purple too preserves its stain,
Drawn from that sanguine flood ;
Bright symbol of the martyr slain,
*With garments roll’d in blood.**

* Isaiah ix. 5.

Come, loveliest plant, reserv'd and meek,
My gay parterre adorn ;
Nor so obscure a shelter seek,
As the rude desert thorn.

And, till my heart, in humble guise,
To thee some semblance bears,
The muse shall fan thee with her sighs,
And water thee with tears.

CUPID AND LIBIDO;
OR,
LOVE AND CONCUPISCENCE.

PART I.

—— Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto: *Horace.*

SYNOPSIS.

Cupid in the shade, replenishes his quiver—is accosted by Libido—blamed for his want of ambition—induced to go in quest of a present for his mother—in the mean time is spoiled of his artillery—is disappointed—is repulsed—the danger of mistaking Libido in the guise of Cupid—with an exhortation to flee youthful lusts, that war against the soul.

CUPID AND LIBIDO.

PART I.

BENEATH a green beech, on a rivulet's side,
Where the reeds grew in clusters, and chequer'd the
tide,

Gentle Cupid alone his artillery made,
And, thoughtlessly busy, lay stretch'd in the shade ;
His quiver, well-charg'd, on a myrtle-tree hung ;
His bow lay beside him, unnotic'd, unstrung ;
The same, which the Graces had made for the boy ;
Elastic and strong, tho' it seem'd but a toy ;
Which, as yet without guile, had been harmlessly used,
And ne'er, by design, to vile purpose abused.

As here 'neath the boughs from the heat of the
weather,
He trimm'd his new shafts, with a woodpidgeon's
feather,

Or lash'd on the point, which he skilfully chose,
From the thorns of the haw, or the more beauteous
 rose,
Which, steep'd in rich nectar, brought down from
 above,
Were sure to infuse the soft passion of love ;
Lo ! a shrewd-looking sprite, from behind a green
 holly,
Accosted the boy, and upbraided his folly,
That he spent so much time, with the swains of the
 fold,
Whilst now he might revel, in showers of gold.
 Young Love, uncorrupt, parried this with a smile ;
But the subtle intriguer thus follow'd his wile :
' Beside,' my dear boy, ' now without many words,
You promis'd your mother a nest of young birds ;
In yon distant thicket, there lies the hid treasure ;
I am sure they will prove a new source of much
 pleasure,
So stay not a moment, but fetch the young sparrows ;
Go, go, little Love, and I'll feather your arrows.'

From language so fair, he mistook the sly elf,
For some brother Cupid, as frank as himself ;
Tho' red was his eye-lash, and ruffled his wing,
He dreamt of no harm, from this mischievous thing ;
But, had he beheld what the bushes conceal'd,
A goat-footed imp had been fully reveal'd ;
A lustful young urchin, the pander of sin,
Who seeks virtue's downfal, and glories therein.

With a view to obtain this said gift for his mother,
Cupid left all his shafts with this *ci-devant* brother ;
And, elated with joy, to the copice he sped ;
But, when he came thither the sparrows * were fled.
Now loitering back—disappointed—I ween—
He gather'd the kingcups, that grew on the green,

* In Heathen Mythology, the swan, dove, and sparrow, were devoted to Venus. Hence Cupid is represented as addressing Anacreon in this soft imagery.

All thy verse is softer far
Than the downy feathers are
Of my wings, or of my arrows,
Of my mother's doves or sparrows ;
Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round,
All with Venus's girdle bound.

Cowley.

To present to his friend for his services done;
But, alas ! hapless Cupid, his friend too was gone !—
All his shafts too were taken, his quiver and bow !—
Learn from him, honest swains, how you trust to a
foe.

In vain the fond boy sought the woodlands
around,
This artful impostor was not to be found ;
But once, when he met him, and ask'd for his
arrows,
He jeeringly bade him—‘ Go, fetch the young
sparrows ;
And grieve not, (said he) for your shaftlets and things,
But begone in a trice, or I’ll frizzle your wings.’

Poor boy ! how he felt it, I need not relate ;
But here lies the mischief, that Kezzy, or Kate,
Or some less intelligent nymph of the grove,
May mistake the vile imp, in the guise of true Love ;
And, after encouragement, find to their cost,
Their honour betray’d, and their innocence lost.

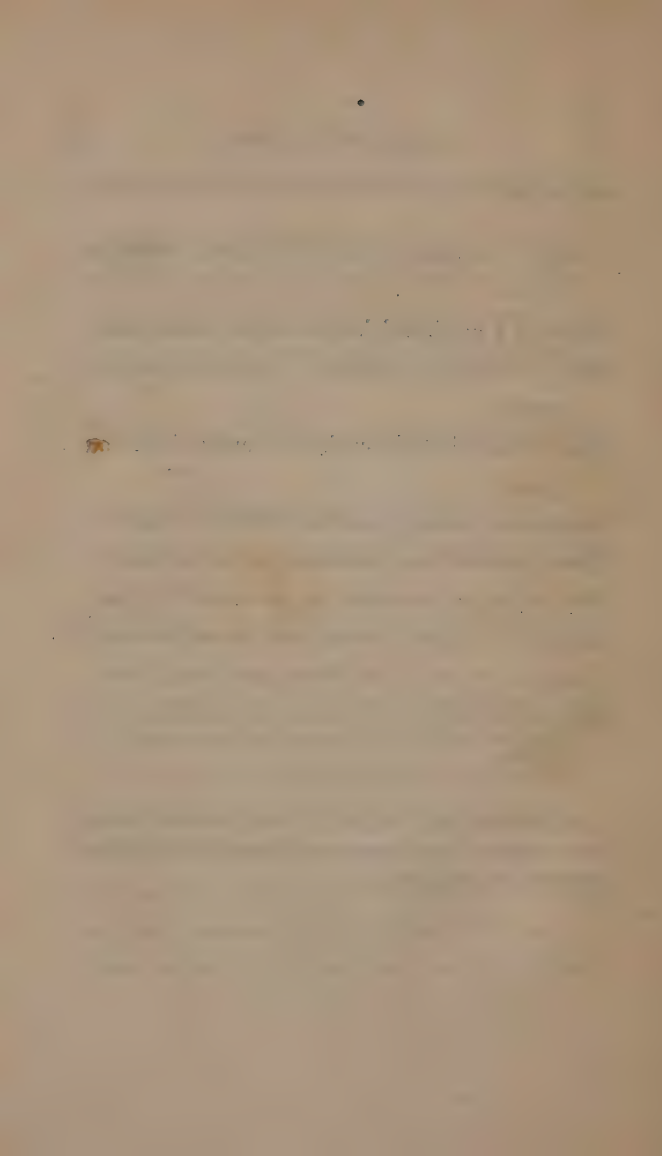
But a truce now to Fancy—let Truth sweep the
lyre—

Methinks I just heard her soft hand on the wire—
Hark! she bids us beware of those dangers and
snares,

That would blast all our hopes, and imbitter our
years ;

And to keep closely guarded, within our controul,
Those juvenile lusts, that make war on the soul ;*
That impose on the sense, in the fairest disguise,
As they did on poor Samson, and put out his eyes :
O may we be kept from those treacherous elves,
And, as friends to the virtuous, be friends to our-
selves.

* Flee youthful lusts. 2 Tim. ii. 22. Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers, and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul. 1 Pet. ii. 11.



CUPID AND LIBIDO ;
OR,
LOVE AND CONCUPISCENCE.

PART II.



————— Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ ? *Virgil,*



SYNOPSIS.

Cupid, in seclusion, laments the loss of his property—Amuses himself in the woodlands—Comes to a cottage—The cottager's daughter courted from the basest motives—Cupid finds Libido asleep in a bower---Regains his bow and arrows---Puts Libido to death—The metamorphosis of Libido—The cottager's daughter won on honourable terms—The whole evinces the prowess and success of virtuous Love.

CUPID AND LIBIDO.

PART II.

SINCE the day that young Cupid was reft of his
arrows,

Whilst he rambled in quest of a nest of young
sparrows,

In thicket or wood, he would wander forlorn,

And there cull the rude berries that grew on the
thorn ;

Sit him down, when fatigu'd, on some hillock of
moss,

And look back on past scenes, and bewail his sad
loss ;

And, in sooth, scarcely found any shelter or rest,

Save beneath a warm wing, in a woodpidgeon's
nest.

On a time, as he forag'd in copse, wood, or field,
To explore every sweet the fair landscape might
yield ;

Or pursued the gay butterflies over the plain,
And, when caught, set them free to pursue them
again ;

He perchance pass'd a cot, that was rais'd on the
moor,

With a woodbine alcove, not three yards from the
door,

Where the cottager's daughter, as blythe as the morn,
And as fair as the blossoms, that whiten the thorn,
With her peel and her bobbins, would often retire,
Which escap'd not the eye of a rakish young 'squire,
Who, indulging the basest designs in his breast,
Often call'd at the cot, and the maiden caress'd ;
Loudly prais'd her fine taste, or commended her
bower ;

Tho' he secretly wish'd to despoil its best flower.

Here Cupid now enter'd to shun the bright ray,
That retarded his chase, for a while, at noon-day ;

Where he found, fast asleep, that young goat-footed
sprite;
Who had thought by mere trick to have ruin'd him
quite ;
In a moss-bedded nook, here he snored profound,
Whilst the bright furtive weapons lay, scatter'd
around,
Which young Love gladly seiz'd, with his quiver and
bow ;
And adjusting a shaft thus address'd his fell foe :
(Who, awake to his danger, now saw, with surprise,
His rival's design, by the flash of his eyes ;
But so deep was his cunning, so great was his dread,
That he lay with all stillness, and feign'd himself
dead)
' Aha ! my old friend, what, is this thy strong hold ?
Is this where thou revelest in showers of gold ?
Is it thine, waggish whight, thus to slumber supine,
And neglect all these shafts, these bright arrows of
mine ?

Oh ! prepare, thou vile traitor, prepare for thy fate ;
And repent, if thou canst, if it be not too late :
Thy crimes are notorious, thy guilt is immense,
And thy life shall atone for each daring offence.'

Harrow'd up with remorse, now this incubus vile
Sought to move his compassion, with many a wile ;
He vow'd, pray'd, and promis'd no more to ensnare,
Or shepherd, or maid, if his life he but spare.
' No, no,' said the boy, ' I have known thee too long,
And my name, thro' thy artifice, suffers much wrong :
If a swain be deluded thro' mischievous wiles,
Or a fair one seduc'd by thy treacherous smiles,
If, inveigled by thee, they forsake virtue's ways,
It is Love that beguiles them, 'tis Love that betrays ;
Tho' thine be the perfidy, thine be the shame,
Yet of all this vile mischief poor Love bears the
blame.
That thou stolest mine arrows is not thy least sin ;
And thy conscience supplies a black schedule within ;
Believe me, no rancour now prompts to the deed,
Stern justice demands it—the traitor must bleed.

So prepare, subtle culprit, prepare for thy fate,
And repent, if thou canst ; but I fear 'tis too late.'
Since thou shew'dst thy adroitness to feather my
arrows,

Let me try one, I pray, ere I fetch the young spar-
rows :

And, with that, twang'd his bow—and so deep went
the dart,

That its feather was wet with the blood of his heart :
Forth it flow'd on the ground, down the moss-bank
it roll'd,

Reeking hot all at first, and then clammy and cold ;
Till a damp deathly chilness extinguish'd his fires,
No more to enflame with unhallow'd desires.

Now each small shaggy limb disappears by degrees,
And shoots forth into stalks, like the scions of
trees ;

And full soon the vile imp is all shrouded in green,
And, erect on the spot, the rank hemlock is seen.

Cupid saw, and, restor'd from his transient
surprise,
Thus exclaim'd—' Oh, that good may from evil
arise !

Tho' a poison still creeps in this weed's subtile veins,
As it scatters its seed, and extends o'er the plains,
To the wild mountain goat, let it be now for food,*
And for med'cine to cool his intemperate blood ;
When the fever of lust, o'er his bosom, prevail,
Or the dog-star return, and the summer-brook fail.
But let man e'er beware how he tastes of this weed,
Lest his heart-blood grow cold, and his death soon
succeed ;

For, before his fix'd eyes, dreadful visions shall swim,
And a cold chilling damp shall bedew every limb,

* Of the hemlock Bishop Hall says: "*Herba hæc, quam nimia experientia venenosam probavit, capro tamen benignum satis pharmacum est ; quippe quæ, frigiditate nimia, febricitantis animalis calorem optimè temperet.*—This weed, which is too well known to be poisonous, yet to the goat is medicinal ; as serving, by the coldness of it, to temper the feverous heat of that beast."

Till convuls'd he expire—like this traitor profane—
See him lock'd in that weed—now his bitterest bane.'

Thus he said:—and immediately came to the
bow'r,

That wealthy young spark, as in quest of a flow'r;
But not such as blooms on the jes'mine or rose—
No; a sweeter by far—but I haste to a close:
He sought her, he woo'd her, and thought to betray;
But now finds he must seek a less intricate way:
In the straight level path of fair virtue alone,
The sweet maid must be sought, the fair maid must
be won.

At her own usual hour, to the arbour she came,
She saw him, and blush'd; but his heart was on flame;
For he felt as he enter'd the cottager's gate,
How lovely is virtue in the lowest estate!
From behind the green boughs, Cupid eyed them
askance,
And discharg'd a wing'd shaft, as he saw them
advance;

Which assail'd him, with such irresistible force,
That he soon took the fair one, "for better, for
worse."

Hence we learn, where the schemes of Concupis-
cence fail,
True Love is triumphant—true Love must prevail.

THE
TRUE VINE.



I am the true Vine.

St. John, ch. xv. ver. 1.

My wine—cheereth GOD and man,

Judges, ch. ix. ver. 13.



SYNOPSIS.

A Pilgrim in search of happiness and truth—his disappointments and remorse—praises the produce of the vine—determines to drown care in intoxication—A messenger from heaven—his advice—The pilgrim continues his search—beholds a dying man—their conversation—finds the true Vine—partakes of its fruit—the *heart's-ease*, a well-known flower—how first produced—concludes with a panegyric on the true Vine, as the sole author of happiness and truth.

THE
TRUE VINE.

A PILGRIM, from his earliest youth,
Now silver'd o'er with years,
In search of happiness and truth,
Had pointed all his cares.

But sensual joys, with flatt'ring light,
Soon drew his heart aside ;
Like phantoms, that, in dead of night,
Our lonely steps misguide.

Awhile, in pleasure's silken charms,
He sought the wish'd-for good ;
Anon, amidst the glare of arms,
In battle and in blood.

Pleasure, and wealth, and worldly fame,
Alternate he pursues ;
Tho' smitten with remorse and shame,
He still the task renews.

Till guilt, in awful terrors clad,
O'erwhelm'd him with dismay ;
His heart grew faint, his mind was sad,
And dark the livelong day.

Lull'd by the murmurs of a brook,
He sat him down to rest ;
But sleep his reedy couch forsook,
And anguish rent his breast.

Till now he wish'd once more to try
Th' intoxicating bowl;
Therein to drown, or petrify,
The sorrows of his soul.*

'Blest be the vine,' the wretch began,
'Thrice blest that gen'rous tree;
Its virtues cheer both GOD and man,
Then why forbidden me?

May not its racy tide impart
Some soft balsamic pow'r,
To ease the anguish of my heart,
And cheer the mournful hour?

* After many years of dissipation, how many, to fill up the measure of their iniquities, take to the bottle to drown reflection! The Earl of Rochester confessed to Bishop Burnet, that he was five years continually drunk, or so much inflamed by frequent ebriety, as in no interval to be master of himself!

"With wine I wash away my care,

"And then to love again."

But why these arguments refin'd ?

Its sad effects I know—

It leaves a viper's sting behind,

And works severer woe.*

Long hath the search of truth and bliss

My foolish hopes beguil'd ;

Oh ! man, these idle dreams dismiss,

Nor longer act the child.

Life is a farce, 'tis all a cheat,

And truth is mere parade ;

At best, the villain's gilded bait ;

And happiness its shade.'

* Who hath woe ? who hath sorrow ? who hath contentions ? who hath babbling ? who hath wounds without cause ? who hath redness of eyes ? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine, when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright, At the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

Prov. xxiii. 29--32.

Thus said : and, lo ! full thick and fast,
The forky lightnings fly ;
Drear is the night, and keen the blast,
And thunders rend the sky.

When sudden, thro' the pitchy clouds,
A glorious vision beams ;
His brow a radiant halo shrouds,
And gilds the midnight streams,

‘ Vain mortal ! why these idle taunts ?’—
Exclaim’d th’ angelic form,
‘ Thy Father knows thy secret wants,
And smiles behind the storm.

Thy search is no ignoble dream,
No villain’s gilded bait ;
Go, trace that little limpid stream,
That murmurs at thy feet.

Till, near its source, a vine thou see,
With clusters rich and large ;
That vine was planted there for thee,
And shall thy wants discharge.

There freely press the sparkling wine,
But be that tree rever'd,
And truth and happiness are thine'—
He said, and disappear'd.

The pilgrim saw with wild amaze
The heav'nly form retire ;
But, whilst he stood in silent gaze,
New hopes his breast inspire.

The mournful spot he leaves in haste,
To trace the murm'ring rill ;
And seems, in thought, already past
The plains that skirt the hill.

Along the streamlet's devious course,
With hasty steps he ran ;
But when he reach'd the crystal source—
Behold a dying man !

Suspended on a transverse stake,
A destin'd victim there !
His strong distorted sinews spake
His agony severe.

His brow was wreath'd with pointed thorn,
His body bath'd in blood ;
With iron spikes, his flesh was torn,
And pour'd a crimson flood.

' Ah me !' the woe-worn pilgrim cried,
' What scene is this I view ?
Doth Heav'n itself my hopes deride,
With mis'ries ever new ?

Or would it thus mine eyes unseal
By talisman divine,
To learn, from what the wretched feel,
What blessings still are mine?

Say, Sufferer, whence these woes profound?
What caus'd thee thus to bleed?
What ruffian dar'd inflict the wound,
Or shar'd the guilty deed?

'Where is the man?'—Aloud he cried—
And turn'd him round to see.
'Thou art the man'—A voice replied—
'I languish here for thee.

Thy sins gave all my suff'rings point—
Thy follies—thy misdeeds'—
The pilgrim shakes in every joint,
The Sufferer thus proceeds:

‘ Thy life was forfeited to God,
But mine I freely gave ;
And freely bore the chast’ning rod,
Thy wretched soul to save.

Yes ; to appease the wrath of Heav’n,
Full many a stripe I bore ; *
But go, thy sins are all forgiv’n,
And learn to sin no more. †

Remember what that angel-form
Would have thee bear in mind ;
Past is the black tempestuous storm ;
Go, seek, and thou shalt find.’

* He was wounded for our transgressions ; he was bruised for our iniquities : the chastisement of our peace was upon him ; and with his stripes we are healed. *Isaiah liii 5.*

† Son, be of good cheer ; thy sins be forgiven thee.

Matthew ix. 2.

He said—and, almost lost in thought,
The pilgrim prostrate lay,
With many a wild conjecture fraught,
Unknowing what to say.

But lifts once more his watery eyes,
To greet this friend sincere ;
When, lo ! how great was his surprise—
No friend, nor foe, was there !

But, where the tortur'd victim bled,
Transfix'd with many a wound,
A rich luxuriant vine was spread,
With purpling clusters crown'd.

Yes ; on the cross, by fools blasphem'd,
Where hung the dying man,
Or dying GOD, more fitly deem'd,
The fruitful branches ran !

Flush'd with his blood, the glowing grape
 Receiv'd a deeper dye ;
Nor can the blooming sweets escape
 The pilgrim's wishful eye.

And now was heard a voice benign
 Re-echoing thro' the glen—
' This is the true, the living Vine,
 That cheers both GOD and men.

Then why refuse to touch, or taste ?
 Oh, prize this sacred tree !—
Here let thy soul for ever feast ;
 'Twas planted here for thee.'

' For me !'—The astonish'd sage replies,
 And checks his swelling grief—
' Lord, I believe thy word,' he cries,
 ' Oh, help my unbelief !

Freely hast thou this blessing giv'n,
And freely I receive;
And here devote my life to heav'n,
If life be mine to give.'

Now gladly at his Lord's command,
The mystic Vine he greets,
And, as he stretch'd his trembling hand
To cull the purpling sweets,

Its branches shed a spicy show'r,
Like dew or arrowy sleet,
Whence sprung a little golden flow'r,
And kiss'd the pilgrim's feet.

And as he press'd the clust'ring grape,
The sacred drops, that fell,
Impurpled deep its slender shape,
Its bosom's gentle swell.

Whilst thick it strew'd its sweets around,
As yet unknown to fame,
'*Heart's-ease*,'* said he, 'I here have found,
And *Heart's-ease* be thy name.

Long may thy soft and lovely form,
Within my bosom dwell ;
Or, shelter'd from the pelting storm,
Still cheer this lonely dell.'

'And thou, blest Vine,' continued he,
'Thro' all my livelong days,
Be thou my prime felicity,
My portion, and my praise.

* The venerable Bunyan, speaking of the Shepherd's Boy, in the Valley of Humiliation, saith : " I will dare to say, this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of the herb, called *Heart's-ease*, in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet."

In thee a thousand charms appear,
A thousand blessings meet ;
Not life itself is half so dear,
Nor nectar half so sweet.

Hence shall my hopes and joys abound,
As ebbs life's ling'ring tide ;
Here truth and happiness are found,
And no where else beside.

All, that the world deems good or great,
Are trifles now to me ;
In vain they spread their flatt'ring bait—
My all I find in thee.'

Thus the vain world and all its joys,
The heav'n-taught pilgrim scorns ;
Their riches are but gilded toys,
Their pleasures crackling thorns.

No more he acts the wanderer's part,
No more his wishes rove ;
New raptures circle round his heart,
And all his soul is love.

For here with gratitude he greets,
At the Redeemer's shrine,
A vintage of eternal sweets,
Eternal and divine.

THE
APPLE.

Addressed to a young Lady, who wished to know of the Author,
why a fine yellow Apple, which she presented him, was so
beautifully tinged with red ?

‘ RESOLVE this doubt,’ the beauteous fair one cries,
‘ Why the rich red the golden Apple dyes ?’—
I’ll tell thee, love—when Eve, with fearless foot,
Approach’d to gather the forbidden fruit,
The conscious Apple blush’d those crimson stains,
And in remembrance still the blush retains :
Seek then no fruit from a forbidden tree,
Lest it turn pale, and lose its blush for thee,

ANACREONTIC.

ANACREONTIC :
AN ODE,
ON THE
DISCOVERY OF VACCINATION ;

After the manner of the Teian Bard ;

BY THE SAME HAND.



· Illiberali respuunt fastidio

Nova, et, priusquam noscere queant, exigunt.

Buchanan.



SYNOPSIS.

Cupid, spent with toil, seeks refreshment from the milk-pail of Thirsa—She refuses, unless he will ensure her the affections of her shepherd—The small-pox in the village—She is afraid of losing her charms—Cupid acquiesces in her request—Receives the reward of the promise—He vaccinates her from her cow with his arrow—She, mistaking its import, charges him with ingratitude—He assures her that it is to fulfil his engagements—Some one behind the tree overhears their discourse—The knowledge of this remedy against the small-pox now universally circulated—The piece shews, that true Love is always grateful.

ANACREONTIC :

AN ODE,

ON THE

DISCOVERY OF VACCINATION.

FAR from haunts of busy men,
Pairing wood-doves in yon glen,
Cupid spent his noon-day hours,
Till extinct his fairy pow'rs :
Now, from heat of sultry skies,
To the green oak's shade he hies,
Where at eve, beneath the boughs,
Thirsa sang and milk'd her cows ;

Sang, and, with her woe-song wild,
Thither drew the elfin child.

‘Maiden fair,’ the boy exclaims,
Give me of those milky streams;
Give me, give me, hear him cry,
Or with thirst I faint, I die.’—

Soon as she the love-god knew,
Arm’d with shaft and bow of yew;
For the little sprite she’d seen
Chase the wild-bee o’er the green;
Thus she said, with dimpling smile,
‘Stay, my infant, stay awhile;
No such boon will I bestow,
Ere thou pledge thy shafts and bow,
Or thy silken toils, forsooth,
Fast to bind a favourite youth,
Ne’er from Thirsa’s side to part,
Ne’er to slight this fluttering heart.
—For a Fiend, * of features foul,
Bloated shape, and haggard soul,

* The Small-pox.

Borne on many a motley wing,
Dares attack the village-ring ;
Disunites whom love united,
Makes the fairest maiden slighted ;
Blights the lilies on her brow,
Makes the swain revoke his vow ;
Taints the life-breeze of the grove,
Foe to beauty, foe to love :
Should he Thirsa's charms impair,
Hapless Thirsa must despair ;
Unless she can on thee depend,
The maiden's hope, the maiden's friend !

‘ Dearest Nymph,’ the urchin cries,
Love must weep when beauty sighs ;
But can ne’er his shafts resign
To such potent hands as thine ;
Yet, from goblin-fiend withal,
No mishap shall thee befall ;
For fairy spell, or wizard dart,
Shall still secure thy shepherd’s heart ;

If thou wilt now my wants supply ;

Oh, give me, give me, or I die !'

Lovely Thirsa, mild and meek,
Now patted soft his little cheek,
And quite elate, with rosy joy,
Sweetly smil'd and kiss'd the boy—
Now he took full many a sup,
Whether or no from acorn-cup,
Or thro' tube of arrowy quill,
Matters not—he drank his fill.

Much refresh'd, he bolder grew,
Strung his elfin bow anew,
Pierc'd her hand with shaft divine,
Pierc'd the milk-teat of her kine ;
Many a little freak he play'd,
As it were, to teaze the maid.
Straight she cried, nor could approve,
'Urchin, say—Is this thy love ?
'This thy kindness ?—Thankless sprite !
Oh, that thirst had kill'd thee quite !'

‘ Hold, my fair,’ the boy replied,
‘ Nor thy guest so rashly chide ;
Tho’ that missile shaft of mine
Pierc’d the milk-dug of thy kine,
Wizard-drop* was thence convey’d,
Pendent on the arrowy reed,
Which, into thy life-stream sent,
Many a mischief shall prevent ;
Draw, by force of magic spell,
Many a traitor,† from his cell,
Which recumbent yet remains,
Lurking in thy azure veins,
Leagued with that pestiferous wight,
Nature’s bane, and beauty’s blight :
Thus shall I preserve from harms
All the magic of thy charms,
Which if despoil’d, no art of mine
Could e’er ensure thy shepherd thine ;

* The Vaccine matter.

† Certain particles, or humours of the body, which facilitate the reception of the small-pox.

For, ere the tender flame we move,
Beauty must light the torch of love.'

Thus he said, and sought the glade,
Where the elves his moss-bed made,
Lisping as he upwards flew,
'Maiden fair! adieu! adieu!—
'Adieu! adieu!' sweet babe, said she,
'Thrice sweet for thy sweet recipe.'

Sparkling with the tears of joy,
Thus she spake the winged boy;
Heedless, who, in thoughtful mood,
Close behind the oak-tree stood;
For, just reliev'd from task severe,
Lo! Jenner's self stood list'ning there,
Admiring much her artless plea,
And the young love-god's remedy;
Which now, with philanthropic mind,
He promulgates to all mankind;
That Indian maid, or female Rus,
May share the same sweet joys with us,

And triumph o'er this goblin foe,
That lays full many a fair one low ;
That no fond maiden's heart may ache,
For blighted charms, or lover's sake ;
That no fond mother, meek and mild,
May tremble for her darling child ;
But beauty's blossoms still abound,
In varied hue, the world around,
And e'en remote Owhyee prove
This sovereign recipe of love :
May the fair then give, with me,
Thanks, O Jenner, thanks to thee.

EPILOGUE,
TO THE
ANACREONTIC,
ADDRESSED
TO THE VENERABLE DR. JENNER,
Author of Vaccination.



————— ‘ Ὅς πολλ’ ἐδάη σοφῶν
Ἀνθρώποισι νόσους φάρμακα λυγρὰς ἀπαλαλκόμεν.

Theocritus.

Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above.

St. James.



EPILOGUE

TO THE

ANACREONTIC.

THINK not, O Jenner ! when my fancy roves,
To cull the wild flow'r in ideal groves,
Therewith to deck thy bonnet—that the Muse
Dares the sweet strain of gratitude refuse,
To him, whose mercy claims a nobler song
Than e'er yet falter'd on this stamm'ring tongue ;
No ;—Be it known, 'tis his imperial right,
To give diseases wing, or stay their flight.

From his decree, learns beauty, where to bloom,
And languor, when to leave the sick-man's room.

Should e'er a verse of mine, on sable wing,
Start from its destin'd perch, and slip the string,
By thoughtless hand dispatch'd in evil hour,
(Like Noah's raven to return no more)
With auguries dark and wild to tempt our youth,
Far from the walks of rectitude and truth,
Weakly to judge, that other gods preside
O'er the quick pulse, or stay its eddying tide;
That other gods can life or health bestow,
And give to beauty's cheek its roseate glow;
Or that my breast revolts, with impious scorn,
Against the monarch of the platted thorn,
Whose pow'r alone can heal our painful throes,
Cleanse the foul heart, or staunch our bleeding woes,
The contrite Muse—were these her guilty fears,
Would steep its hated memory in tears.

O thou Great Pow'r, that pitiest helpless man,
And, like that desert bird the pelican,

Feed'st thy fond offspring with thy precious blood,*
From whom descends each perfect gift and good !
Not only the broad stream, where navies ride,
But the small rivulet, by the green hedge-side,
Proceeds from thee—the hero, and the clown,
Receive alike from thee his pittance or renown.
Thou, at thy pleasure, didst a Jenner raise,
And eke the Muse, that twitters to his praise.
Great is thy might—nor is thy mercy less,
That pours its balm on human wretchedness !—
A fearful Plague, whose black envenom'd breath
Loads the pure air, with misery and death,
Dire as the pest, that smote thy servant Job,†
Hath long run riot round this motley globe ;
On beauty's native sweets profanely trod,
And marr'd, with cruel joy, the handy works of GOD.

* Calmet says, “ that the Pelican has a peculiar tenderness for its young, generally places its nest on some craggy rock, and is supposed to admit its young to suck blood from its breast.

† The small-pox is not very dissimilar to Job's disease. See Job ii. 7.

Once, roving wild, near my young home it flew,
And round our walls its wizard circle drew ;
E'en scal'd our play-ground, our fond sports annoy'd,
And of my mother's children three destroy'd :*
Sad was the day—But why indulge the sigh?
May we not hope that better days are nigh ?
Since now thou deign'st those evils to repair,
And check'st the rueful dæmon in mid-air ;
Bid'st thine own Jenner wave his mystic rod,
And the fell pest obeys the pow'r of GOD ;
Abjur'd by him, it quits its destin'd prey,
Lets fall his purple crest and slinks away.
Thus the dread plagues recoil'd from Pharaoh's land,
When holy Moses wav'd his mystic wand ;†
Thus the foul herd, from Gadarea's steep,
At JESUS' word, rush'd headlong to the deep.‡
Oh ! crush the wretch, no more to see the sun,
Nor leave the work thy goodness hath begun !

* Within the space of three weeks, the Author lost two brothers and a sister, by that dreadful disease.

† Exodus iv. 17.

‡ Luke viii. 26. 33.

Tho' our ingratitude deserve the stroke,
Yet whilst to thee ten sacred altars smoke,*
With daily incense stor'd by faithful hand,
Oh ! spare our country, spare this guilty land !
Midst all the flights of youth, the cares of age,
And the stern toils of this our pilgrimage,
Long may thy mercy be our darling theme,
Which cheers thy Zion, with its ceaseless stream :
Tho' weak our pow'rs, to thee we strike the string,
Tho' poor our praise, accept the mite we bring ;
Tho' small that mite, 'tis all we have to give,
Oh, hear our pray'r, and let thy Britain live ;
And still be thou my patron and my friend,
Till this poor shatter'd harp its last best service end.

* Gen. xviii, 32.

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